

# Oracle Year Book



PR  
373  
P69  
1920

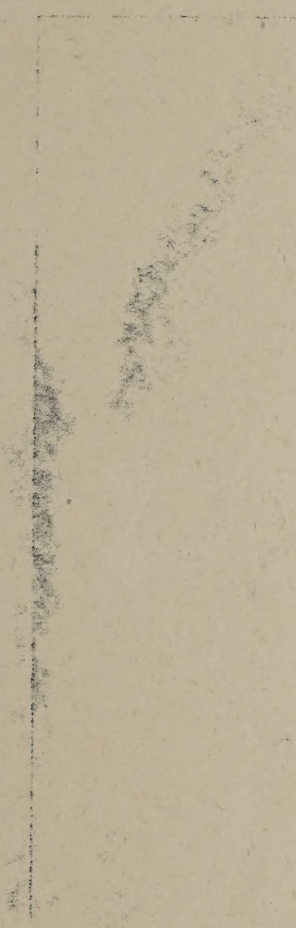
Mainfield High School  
Nineteen-Twenty







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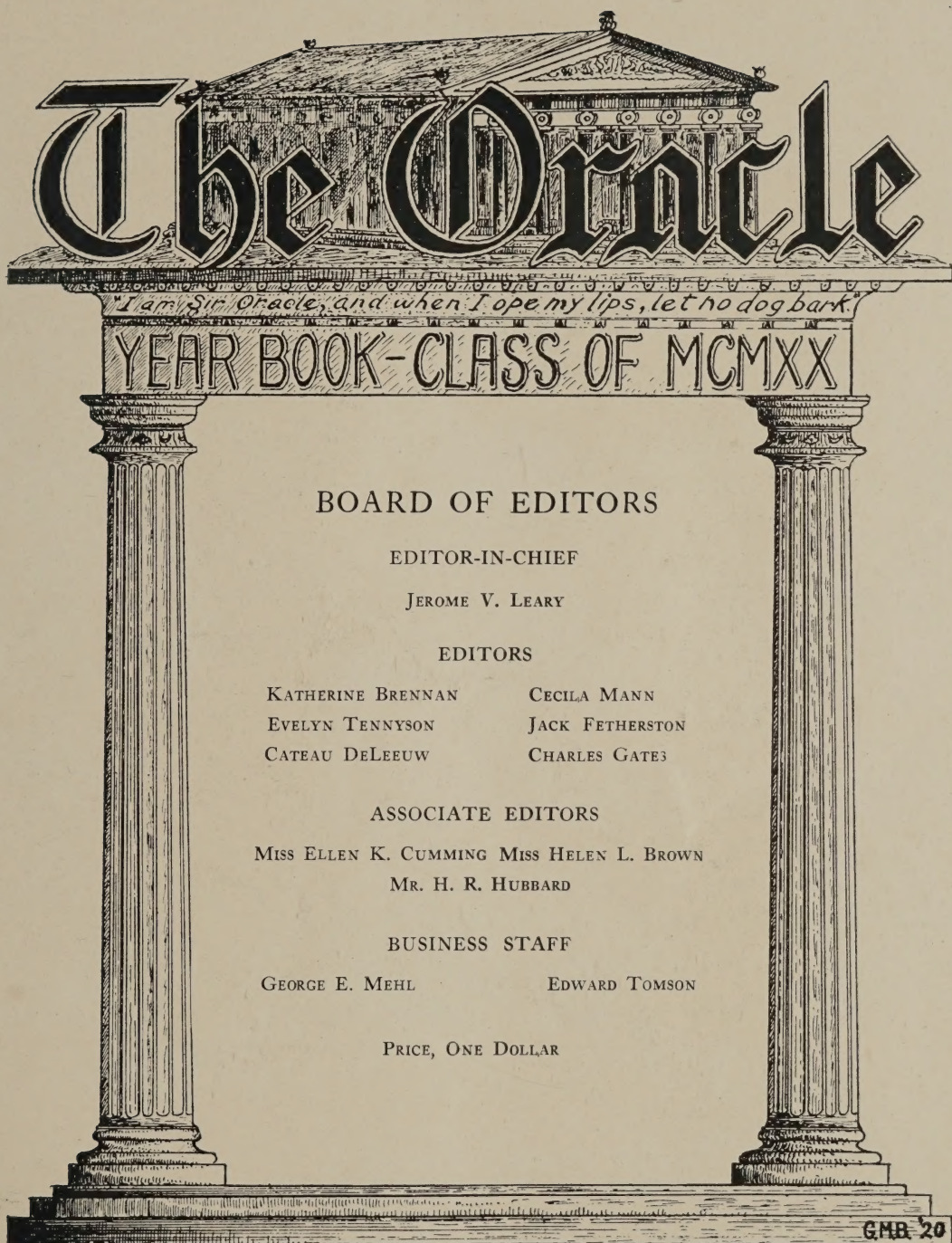


PR  
373  
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To Miss Moore, our friend of four years' standing, the class of 1920 respectfully dedicates this Year Book.





# The Oracle

*I am, Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips, let no dog bark.*

YEAR BOOK - CLASS OF MCMXX

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## 1870---1920

With this commencement the Plainfield High School enters upon its fiftieth anniversary. For half a century, our Alma Mater has been sending out into the world men and women. In these years improvement has been great and rapid. The facilities of all departments have been increased materially; in fact, the physics, chemistry and biology laboratories rival those of any high school in the land and are on a par with facilities afforded for the same work in many colleges. Plainfield High School alumni are doing creditable work in the leading colleges and universities of the nation and are also giving good account of themselves in the various walks of daily life.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty is, indeed, proud to have been a member of this beloved school. We look back o'er the past four years and sigh wistfully as we think of the many pleasures and good times we have had here. But, looking even further back, we are a bit awed at the gleaming record of past graduates. Ours is resolution to uphold that record. Business men and women, engineers, artists, writers, soldiers—in the Americas, Asia and Europe—all add glory to the honored name of their Alma Mater—Plainfield High School.

We resolve to do our best to keep that name on the high plane to which former graduates have elevated it; we resolve to maintain that exalted position they have made for you, our school. We go forth to face a new life—with you behind, pointing to that which is before us—Everything.



## Class Poem

We toddled as Freshmen through these classic halls,  
We wondered with open-eyed glee  
To think that a place of such stairs and such walls  
Should have place for us,—so “petit”!

We stumbled as Soph'mores; ambition ran high,  
For we visioned our far distant goal;  
While knowledge and courage we gained bye and bye,  
'Till our Freshman fears far away stole.

By friendship and service we always were bound;  
As Juniors, we climbed and aspired,  
And 'neath twenty's proud colors we all could be found.  
Each by her spirit was fired.

Then in this last year we gathered once more  
To pull for the glorious end.  
We tried to be faithful, true “sports to the core,”  
Our honor and name to defend.

Our errors were many, our faults were more yet,  
As through this school we have passed;  
But we hope that our fair deeds will cancel the debt  
When in the last records we're classed.

O Future that stretches through infinite space  
And holds for us all a new day,  
Soon grant that our there we shall find the right place  
To continue a far better way!

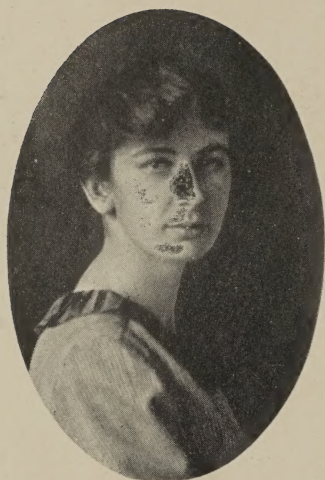
May you, for old twenty, keep close in your store  
What we strive and hope for—no less;  
Then, as the old world can give us no more,  
Crown each one with lasting success.

M. A. GREENE.



## Salutatory Address

DOROTHY M. BYLES



Perhaps never since we have held our exercises in this new building have we had a Commencement of greater interest and significance than this June of 1920. The class of this year is welcoming tonight not only all of its usual guests (the Board of Education, our beloved superintendent, our principal, the speaker who will address us, and the citizens of Plainfield), but, in commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Plain-

field High School, we are extending especially cordial greetings to all who have shared its life and contributed in any way to its progress. To one and all, a hearty welcome.



## Valedictory Address

JEAN MACNAB



Fellow-classmates of 1920, tonight we have had a glimpse of the school of the past, we have seen what is being done at present, and have laid our hopes for the future. We feel a sense of deep gratitude toward the past for building up the school in which we have spent four of the happiest years of our lives. We also feel a great responsibility for the future for our success or failure, whether in business or college, will reflect on our

school. Let us, therefore, as we go forth to a broader field of work, try to be successful, not only for our own benefit, but to bring glory to the Plainfield High School.



## The Valley of the Purple Mountain

(Written by the Winner of the Craig A. Marsh Prize Composition—  
Herbert Hooker.)

Ted Stone was new in China. For nearly six months, however, he had traveled with Carl Mason to distant and out of the way places in search of valuable old Chinese relics, legends and manuscripts for study in one of the big midwestern American colleges. The two young men, after a tedious journey, had arrived at the little missionary out-post, at the head of navigation on a small river, which they intended to make their headquarters for some time. It was reported that the valley contained many interesting objects taken at some long ago period from a ruined temple.

They received a cordial welcome from the missionary, who invited them to make their stay at his home.

"Tis few whites come up this far and every stranger is more than welcome," he said. After a hearty repast, Mason stated their errand.

The missionary, Cole, was a quiet, earnest man of about middle age with a pleasant jovial face, who listened seriously to their tale and then remarked: "I have something which may be of considerable interest to you." So saying, he reached into a narrow cupboard and withdrew a small casket of curiously carved teakwood, which contained many priceless old records of a place called the "Valley of the Purple Mountain." It spoke of a great temple and city built many thousands of years ago and guarded by impassable mountain barriers.

"The Valley of the Purple Mountain"—a magic name—suggestive of a score of things—mysterious, unfathomed, hinting at unknown and unexplored regions. No very definite location was given, but the manuscript spoke of it as being somewhere along the upper reaches of this very river. Both young fellows determined to visit it as soon as possible, if only for the adventure.

"It was given to me by an old Chinese priest at his death some ten years ago," added Cole.

One day, Mason being away on a scouting tour, Ted sauntered out of the village and incidentally up the ancient, stone paved trail leading toward the distant western mountains. Unconsciously quickening his pace to a swift, steady swing, Ted traveled some distance thru' the pleasant woods, loaded as they were with the rubbery leaved rhododendrons and multitudes of other flowers which he could not name. The sun sank slowly behind the massive rocky piles ahead warning the boy of the advisability of getting back before dark. He lingered though for a while watching the glow of the heavens fade from about the purple peaks, leaving all the hushed land in gray twilight.

Ted was suddenly brought back to consciousness of his surroundings by the appearance of a very aged Chinaman tottering toward him, evidently in the last stages of exhaustion. The poor fellow thrust a letter into Stone's hand and fell, babbling incoherently, at the foot of the boy.



While staying along the coast, Ted had picked up a small, a very small, smattering of Chinese, but he was unable to understand a word said. An hour later the old man breathed his last at the little missionary hospital. The men looked wonderingly at his spare figure and tattered garments. He was dressed as a common coolie, yet, though there was nothing striking about his wrinkled visage, he suggested, coming as he had with the strange letter, a man of another world, one long dead and cloaked in mystery and sorrow.

That night Mason deciphered the spiderlike characters. It contained an urgent appeal to the old priest, who had given the casket to Cole, to return to the "Valley" at once, though no reason was disclosed. Carried as it was by a messenger on foot from the west served to strengthen the belief that the secret spot lay somewhere within a few days' journey toward the setting of the sun.

Except for the treasures of the missionary, nothing of value having been brought to light in the village, preparations for an exploring expedition were hastily made. A number of riding and pack horses were secured, and also two guides who knew the country as far as the foot of the trail leaving to another village farther south.

Three days later found the party encamped at the fork of the trail. One of the guides approached the fire, about which the Americans sat, and remarked emphatically in Chinese: "Beyond we should not travel, evil spirits reign in the mountains above us. Few have gone in of either white or yellow yet many flowers have bloomed and died since those few departed and no sign has come of their living. None have ever returned. It is not well."

Mason made no direct answer, but questioned the man closely about the mountain country. It was rough going, the passes were narrow and unfit for horse travel, so he had heard from hunters who had penetrated a short distance into the hills. The Americans, on receiving similar information from the other guide, decided to send back the horses with the Chinamen and proceed alone on foot.

The next morning, after seeing the pack train safely off for home, with a week's provisions in their haversacks and armed with light rifles, they set out. It was hard going and rough going, uphill and down dale, fording streams and scaling cliffs, the packs, none too light at the start, weighed tons at night, and camp was pitched early. The two following days were the same, each night, seeking a suitable spot, they flung themselves upon the ground and slept. There had never been any definite trail, but the boys had kept in sight of the river, which was their guide. They were higher in the mountains, now, and could occasionally catch glimpses of the great plain country they had left.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, while stumbling along an accidentally discovered footpath, which wound around the southern side of a small hill separating them from the river, Ted fell and rolled to the bottom of a washout below. The bank was quite steep, but the boy was not hurt. He picked himself up slowly and began the ascent, when suddenly he shouted, "Carl, Carl, come here, quick!" Mason scrambled hastily down and looked in the direction Ted was pointing. There, half hidden in the brush in a concealed angle of the gully was



what appeared to be the entrance to a cave. Not an ordinary cave, however, for the arch of the door was of crumbling masonry and closely fitted rock.

A dark narrow passage led straight into the side of the mountain on a slight upward slant. There was no sign of recent use, but both believed it to be worth exploring. The weight of the packs was forgotten, stome bruises were unheeded as they hurried along the underground corridor of the ancients. The excitement of discovery possessed them, hurried them on. Once away from the entry-way it was necessary to use Ted's flash. They traveled steadily until the hands of Mason's radium showed it to be about midnight, when they both stopped suddenly. The cave had widened out into a small square room decorated with carved paneling. This seemed the end of the passage, for at first no means of going further was apparent, but a careful inspection with the pocket flash disclosed the fact that one of the larger panels really acted as a door. This opened smoothly and they stepped out into a small pagoda situated at the top of a low cliff facing a broad valley.

The moon, just rising over the hills to the east, shed a wierd gray light thru' the silver firs, whose twisted branches stood out black and gnarled. The valley, deep in the shadows of the peaks, which rose majestically on either hand, was shrouded in midst from a river to the left, blanketing all in a cloak of mystery and silence. What seemed to pervade the spot that made it so ghostly and quiet and still? The whole atmosphere seemed to speak of the dead, of evil, filling the hearts of the two adventurers with instinctive dread.

Outlined vaguely against the dark precipice and spanning the river rose a narrow stone bridge. Suddenly out on this bridge a dot of light shown, then the form of a man carrying a lantern resolved out of the fog. He was nearly upon them, and, not knowing who he was, nor whether their welcome in the valley would be friendly or not they both automatically turned for the door thru' which they had entered but a moment before. It was gone! Evidently they had walked lightly thru' a solid wall of stone. There was no perceptible opening nor sign of crack nor crevice.

The shrine offered no concealment and there was no way of egress save by the one which the man with the light traveled. The Chinaman, for his garb showed him to be an Oriental, stopped, lamp upraised, regarding them with a countenance in which fear and surprise were strongly mingled, then with a loud cry, hurling the lamp from him, he whirled and vanished into the mist.

## II.

The rest is better told as Ted related it to the missionary at their next meeting. They had been gone longer than expected and Cole determined to set out in search of them. The two parties luckily met at the forks of the trail where Stone and Mason had left their guides and horses to continue the journey on foot.

"It clouded over right after that leaving everything in pitch dark and rain. Some water got in the flash light, putting that out of commission, and all our exploring had to be done in the dark. The bridge seemed to have vanished

with the man, for all our efforts to find it went to naught, though, I guess, we lost our bearings. We crawled back to the pagoda soaked thru' and resolved to stand watch the rest of the night. I certainly must have fallen very soundly asleep, for all I remember was Carl, here, kicking me in the ribs and firing over the rail of the pagoda. Then there was a groan and he fell limply to the floor. I had just time to see a shadowy form thru' the sights of my rifle when they got me. Sandbagged both of us.

"When I regained consciousness it was broad daylight. The two of us, Mason and I, were lying on couches at either side of a small room. The walls were hung with silks and the ornate carving on the furniture gave a suggestion of days when workmen worked with greatest care rather than by the hasty modern methods. The house seemingly belonged to a wealthy mandarin or merchant.

"We had the liberty of that one room only, for the door of strong solid wood was securely locked and the one window, little more than a peep-hole, was heavily barred. Mason was sleeping, and, remembering the happenings of the night, I decided not to wake him, but did a little exploring on my own hook. My head ached a good deal and my walk was rather unsteady, but I got over this by nightfall.

"I had nearly completed my inspection and was about to rouse Mason when the door opened and a man, who appeared to be the owner of the place, entered followed by a servant bearing food. We ate and the servant, at the command of the aged Chinaman, had left with the dishes before he spoke.

"'You are Americans, I judge,' he said, speaking English easily and with almost no accent. We replied in the affirmative, and, at his request related our experiences in finding our way there. He grew greatly excited and his worn face became very sad when we told him of the death of the priest that had given Cole the manuscripts and when we told of the death of the messenger. He sank into a gloomy reverie and did not seem to hear a word of our other adventures until we came to the fight at the pagoda. Here he interrupted us saying:

"'I am very sorry this thing should have happened. My men acted without my orders and did as they thought best. No other white man has ever reached the valley and the way you came will never be used again. I am known to the people of China as——, the priest, of whom you spoke, was my brother.'

"Carl started up with a cry of surprise, but the name was unfamiliar to me.

"The Chinaman ignored our interruption and continued. 'I have given my life to the people of this valley, have brought modern inventions for their use and made them prosperous and happy. They are Christians, for, as you know, I was brought up in England, and have taught them the belief of the whites. I do not attempt to defend my methods, but I accomplished my purpose. The ruins you seek are in this valley further to the south. It is a village once used by the people's ancestors from the time of the beginning until a few centuries ago when it was destroyed by earthquakes and fire. You will find a road leading east from the ruins of the temple. Follow it and you will come to the village just south of the one you left. Tonight you may go, only beware of my men for they are suspicious of strangers as you can readily imagine and would not permit your escape.'



"Then with a low bow he withdrew without another word. Of course, I was fairly itching to know the identity of the man and Mason explained. It seemed that he and his men had been about the worst band of smugglers who ever defied a feeble Government. Why he was letting us escape to report him I don't know, probably thought to have his men stationed where they could end us with the least possible commotion, so that he could wash his hands of the whole affair.

"That evening, bringing to our rooms our packs and rifles and food for the journey, a servant guided us from the house. A little hamlet of paper-like huts lay by the river, but we saw no one and the servant, after showing us our road, turned and reentered the house.

"We hiked swiftly along keeping a sharp watch about us and also off the beaten roadway, though parallel to it. We made camp that night in a secluded corner of the ruins, which, by the way, were so far destroyed as to be of little interest, and one of us stood guard and watched all night. When morning came we set out across the mountains to the eastward, stopping only for a hasty inspection of the ruins, and, as the going was not as hard as the trip up the river valley, we reached here in three days without mishap."

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"And Cole," Ted added, "Carl and I have decided to keep this matter dark, for though a criminal, he has undoubtedly accomplished a great deal for those isolated people. We hope you will agree with us."

Their hands met across the embers of the fire and there the secret rests.

## The Forest That Sang

(Written by the Winner of the Babcock Prize—Evelyn Tennyson.)

"Amelita, my Amelita; O to hear your voice again! Ah, me,—once I was happy, but now, why must I live? When you, Amelita, were here, I had something for which to live. O why did you have to leave me?" Bemoaning thus, Antonio Silvano, a lonely wood-cutter, left his humble home for the deep forest, where, a year before, his only daughter, Amelita, had disappeared while playing. All seaching had been in vain, for no traces of her were ever found. It was here, too, that her father worked all day, earning his living by chopping wood. In the evening he whiled away his time turning a stick of wood into a bird, a goat, or a child, with his skillful knife. This work gave him much pleasure, for as his daughter once had shown delight in his toys, so did the children of the village revel in them.

At the ringing of the church bell in the small Lombard town announcing noon, Antonio laid down his axe and seated himself beneath one of the tall, spicy pine trees to eat his mid-day meal of coarse brown bread, cheese, and wine. For him the trees had a peculiar fascination. They seemed like so many people whispering and bowing to each other. He loved them; they were his friends. Drowsy from his morning of hard labor, his head slowly sank upon his breast in sleep. Presently, a breeze stirred. Among the many leaves it played a sweet, plaintive song, accompanied by the whistling of the pines.

A faint flicker of a smile was on Antonio's face. He raised his head. "Amelita," he murmured. By degrees the music grew in volume, filled with breadth and splendor. Sounding chords caught from the distance, one by one were woven in. All the joy and beauty of the world were a part of it. But yet, there was something more. It was the cry of a soul in bondage, straining to be free,—struggling to break the chains and take its place with those who were alive.

Standing with arms uplifted, the wood-cutter cried, "Amelita, my daughter! Have you come back? Speak, my child." But the voice had ceased, and the only answer he received was the falling of a large, loose limb from a tree, that the wind had disentangled from its branches.

That night Antonio started early for bed, as if trying to push ahead the hours, for he was impatient for the morning to come. He wanted to get back into the forest, for maybe—, he would hear the voice again. A noise startled him. He listened; someone was at the door. No, it was only the wind; he was mistaken. Antonio went to the open window and looked towards the forest. Yes, there they were,—his trees, and the trees that somewhere in their depths sheltered his lost child. The wind blew, the trees stirred, and to Antonio it seemed as if they were waving good-night to him, and not knowing why, he waved his hand in response.



"Antonio, what kind of a toy are you making?" questioned Therisina, one of the wood-carver's toy-lovers. "I don't think you ever made one like it before, did you? How smooth it is,—how pretty."

"Yes, my child, this is a new toy,—*my* toy it is. I am going to play with it."

"Why, Tony, won't you look funny playing with toys!"

"Maybe so, maybe so."

The toy was, indeed, very graceful with its pretty curves and lovely wood. As Antonio picked it up, he asked, "Child, do you know how many kinds of wood and how many separate pieces there are in this? No? Altogether there are about fifty-eight different pieces and six kinds of wood. Nearly every piece came from the various trees that I have chopped down."

But though graceful, the toy was very queer. It was rather large, but very light, for it was hollow. Stretched tightly across the top, which was made of the finest pine, there were tiny steel wires and long pieces of cat-gut. One end was large and flat, while the other was slimmer,—slim enough to easily grasp it. This part was made of sycamore. At the narrow end were small black pegs of ebony, which regulated the tightness of the wires and cat-gut. The back was made of ash, while the sides joining the top and the bottom were composed of six different pieces of maple, bent to the required forms by a heated iron. The whole toy was varnished an exquisite orange color, so transparent that the curls of wood beneath looked like clouds. But queerest of all, was a stick that went with the toy. It also, was very light of weight, but very straight and smooth. From end to end were hundreds of strong white horse-hairs, so tightly stretched that they seemed as one. It was on this that Antonio was working while Therisina, with her feet on the rounds of the chair, looked on with black, wondering eyes.

With a last twist and rub, he exclaimed, "There! At last I have finished it."

"How can you play with that, Tony? What do you do with it? It's the queerest thing I ever saw in all my life."

For an answer he picked up the larger part of the toy, placed the larger end of it under his chin, with the long slender part in his left hand, and drew the side with the many hairs across the strings. Back and forth, back and forth he drew the stick, at the same time pressing the different strings with the fingers of his left hand, and lo! from the depth of the toy came the sweet plaintive voice of his daughter, Amelita, who still lived, and lives today to comfort and to cheer, for it is her voice that sings from the soul of the violin!



BASKETBALL TEAM—FOOTBALL TEAM

PHOTO BY STONE & LUCKEY





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM—ORACLE BOARD



# CLASSMATES



## Class Officers



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RUTH COMPTON  
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GEORGE M. BIXBY  
*Treasurer*

MINNIE M. ALLEN "Pollyanna," "Polly"

"True as a dial to the sun."

General—Undecided. Paterson High School, '17, '18. Physical Culture Exhibition, '20.

ARTHUR S. BAILIE

"Spike"

"Art is long, but time is fleeting."

Commercial—Business. Minstrels, '16. Cadet Corps, '16, '17. Track, '19, '20. Decorating Committee Junior-Senior Feed, '19. Assistant Stage Manager Senior Play, '20. Usher, '17, '18. Class Basketball, '20.

EUNICE BANKS

"Eunie"

"To be slow in words is a woman's virtue."

Home Arts—Presbyterian Hospital. President of Red Cross Sewing Unit, '18, '19. Christmas Decorating Committee, '17, '18. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Freshman Reception Committee, '19.

VIOLET BERGER

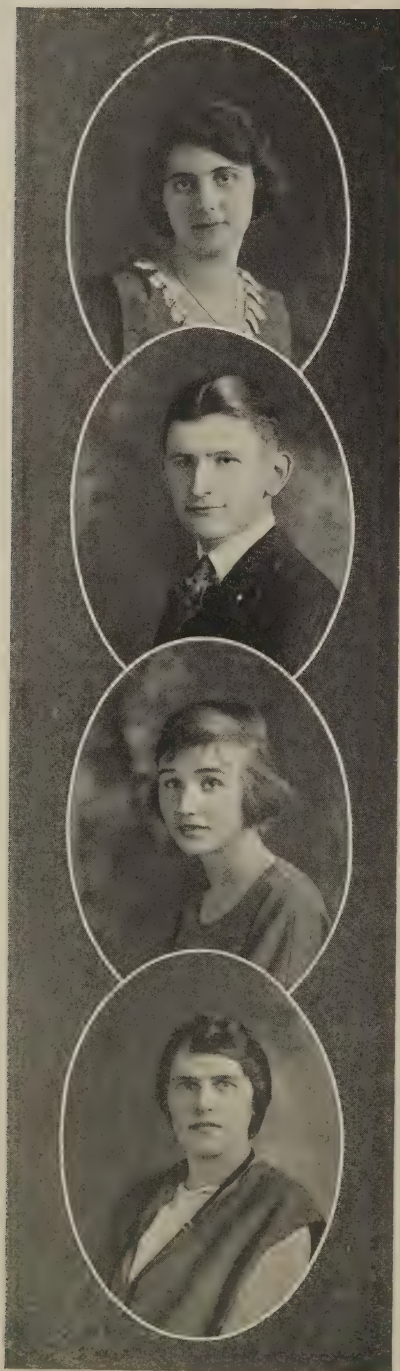
"Vi," "V."

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

General—Undecided. Knitting and Surgical Dressings Units, '19.







VIOLA A. BICKNELL

"Vi"

"Thou mayst smile while all around  
thee weep."

Commercial—Business. Librarian of  
Commercial Department. Sewing  
Unit. Secretary to Clerk of Board of  
Education.

GEORGE M. BIXBY

"Bix"

"He whom not even critics criticize."

Scientific—Stevens. B. A. A. Editor of  
Oracle, '18. Assistant Editor-in-Chief,  
Oracle, '19. Public Works Committee,  
'18. Junior-Senior Feed Committee,  
'18. War Memorial Committee. Sec-  
retary Council, '19, '20. Treasurer  
Senior Class. Track, '18, '19. First  
Prize, Plane Geometry.

MARION E. BLOOMFIELD "Marion"

"The brightest bird upon the hush  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she."

General—Business. Knitting Unit, '17,  
'18.

KATHERINE BRENNAN

"Kay"

"Exceeding wise, fair spoken and  
persuading."

Classical—College. History Exhibit, '17.  
Oracle Contributors' Club, '17, '18.  
Honorable Mention Craig Marsh  
Prize, '17. Surgical Dressing Unit, '18.  
Honorable Mention Cicero, '19. Music  
Committee Freshman Reception, '19.  
Senior Play Committee. Leader De-  
bating Team, '20. Senior Oracle  
Board.

MABEL BRICK "Bricky," "Buster"

"I speak in a monstrous little voice."

General—Business.

DOROTHY M. BYLES

"Dotty," "Dot," "Sally"

"The hand that made you fair has  
made you wise."

Commercial—Business. Salutatorian.  
Private Secretary Commercial Office.  
Knitting Unit, '18.

GERTRUDE CAMPBELL

"Gert"

"I trust that nothing can make life a  
burden to me."

General—Art School.

MARGARET CASKEY "Peg," "Peggy"

"It is well to think well,  
It is divine to act well."

Home Arts—P. G., College. Secretary  
and Treasurer of Sewing Unit, '18.  
Freshman Reception Committee, '20.







ELIZABETH LUCILE CASNER "Cile"

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Commercial—Business/ Knitting Unit,  
'18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18.  
Senior Picnic Committee.

RUTH MARION COMPTON

"Rufus," "Sheeps"

"Her hair is like the curling mist  
That shades the mountainside at e'en."

Commercial—Business. Honorable Men-  
tion Stenography I, '18. Knitting Unit,  
'18, Gym Pageant, Tennis Tournament,  
'20. Chairman of Service Memorial  
Committee, '20. Senior Christmas Com-  
mittee, Senior Play. Class Day Com-  
mittee. Chairman Senior Picnic Com-  
mittee. Senior Vice-President.

HAZEL CREVELING

"Haze"

"The future of her eye hath motion in't."

Commercial—Undecided. Knitting and  
Sewing Units, '17, '18.

CATEAU DE LEEUW

"Cato De Lulu," "Toto"

"She is gifted with genius who knoweth  
much by natural talent."

General—Art School. Hartridge School,  
'18. Oracle Contributors' Club, '19, '20.  
Chapel Usher, '19, '20. Senior Play  
Committee. Senior Play. Thanksgiv-  
ing Pageant, '19. French Day, '20.  
Senior Oracle Board.

ELIZABETH DUYCKINCK

"Elizabeth"

"Oh! happiness of sweet retired  
content."

Classical—College.

DELLA DUNN

"Della"

"A modest blush she wears, not form'd  
by art."

Commercial—Undecided.

MARGARET DISKIN "Peggy," "Diskie"

"She has the truest, kindest heart"

Commercial—Business. Knitting Unit.  
Picture Committee.

HELEN DETWEILER

"Detty"

"Earth fills her lap with pleasures  
all her own."

Classical—College. P. H. S. Basketball,  
'17, '18, '19, '20. Manager, '18, Cap-  
tain, '19. Sophomore Representative to  
G. A. A. Secretary G. A. A., '18.  
President G. A. A., '20. Surgical  
Dressings Unit. Senior Play Commit-  
tee. Class Day Committee. Freshman  
Reception Committee. Junior Repre-  
sentative of Hi-Tri at Yonkers Con-  
vention.







ELLIS ENANDER

"Pipes"

"One of the few immortal names that were not born to die."

Scientific—Rutgers. Captain Class Track Team, '17. Class Basketball, '17, '18. Working Reserve, Holly Park, '17. Football, Track, '19. Football, Basketball, Baseball, Track, '19, '20. Captain Basketball, '20. Usher, '20. Football Dance Committee. Class Day Committee. Senior Ring Committee. B. A. A. Board.

MARGARET A. ENDRESS

"Midge"

"A supple jade she was, and strong."

Commercial—Undecided. Knitting Unit. G. A. A. Refreshment Committee, '18, '19, '20. Tennis, '17, '18, '19, '20. Winner in doubles, '18, '19. Winner in singles, '19. Manager Tennis Tournament, '20. G. A. A. Board, '20. Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19, '20. Basketball, '19, '20. Senior Sting Committee. Corridor Leader, '19.

JACK FAUCETT

"Spicket," "Jack"

"He capers, he dances, he has the eyes of youth."

Scientific—Rutgers. First Math. Prize, '17. Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19. Manager, '17. Captain, '18, '19. Basketball, '18, '19, '20. Football, '18, '19. Manager, '18. Captain, '19. Track, '19, '20. Class Baseball, '20. B. A. A. Board, '19, '20. President, '20. Class Secretary, '19. Vice-President Rifle Club, '19. Cadet Corps, '17, '18. Advertising Manager Oracle, '19, '20. Freshman Reception Committee, '18. Football Dance Committee, '19. Christmas Decorating Committee, '19, '20. Class Day Committee, '20. Senior Ring Committee. Usher, '20. Senior Play, '20.

JACK H. FETHERSTON

"Jack," "Feathers"

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Scientific—College. N. P. H. S. Cadet Corps, '18. Minstrels, '17, '18, '19. Class Basketball, '17, '20. Class Baseball, '20. Freshman Reception Committee, '18, '19. Chairman Senior Picture Committee. Track, '20. Oracle Board.

MARY FITZPATRICK "Fitzie"

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!"

Commercial—Business. Oracle Contributors Club, '17. Class Basketball, '17, '18. Knitting Unit, '18. Debating Club, '20.

CHARLOTTE FOWLER "Flower"

"Her air, her manners, all who saw  
admired."

General—Undecided. Thanksgiving Pageant. Junior-Senior Feed Committee. Freshman Reception Committee.

CHARLES GATES "Charlie"

"If he had any faults, he left us in  
doubt."

Classical—Cornell. Minstrels, '16, '17, '18. President Sophomore Class. Orchestra, '20. Christmas Exercise Committee. Senior Dance Committee. Usher, '20. Cadet Corps, '17.

GEOFFREY GILBERT "Jeff"

"Delay no time; delays have dangerous  
ends."

Scientific—Princeton. Track Team, '18. Class Basketball, '20. Class Baseball, '20. Football, '18, '19. Cadet Corps, '17, '18. Senior Picture Committee.







MARION A. GREENE

"Swede," "Greene"

"Alas! Our young affections run to waste."

Classical—General—Prep' School—Bryn Mawr. Oracle Contributors' Club, '19, '20. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Chairman, Senior Sting Committee. Senior Pageant Costume Committee, '20. Senior Class Day Committee. Senior Play.

ALICE P. GREENWOOD

"Chink"

"We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe."

Classical—General. Undecided. Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19, '20. Basketball, '19, '20. Christmas Exercise Committee, '19. Senior Play.

CONSTANCE HADDEN

"Peter"

"Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd her face."

Commercial Course—Business. Knitting Unit, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Lawn Fete, '20. First Prize Poster Contest, '19.

GLADYS HAIGHT

"Billie"

"Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity."

General—Undecided. Assembly Room Representative, '16, '17. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Gym Fete, '20.

## RUTH HAMMOND

"Rufus," "Polly," "Brutus"

"Poets have undoubted right to claim,  
If not the greatest, the most lasting  
name."

Commercial—Business. Class Day Committee. Oracle Contributors' Club. Gym Pageant Fete, '20. Second Prize Typewriting, '18.

## HESTER HANSON

"Hester"

"I like to argue."

Classical—College.

## ADELAIDE HARPER

"Stretch," "Hoppy"

"No need hath she of borrowed light  
To make her beauty fair."

General—College. Senior Ring Committee. Class Secretary, '16. Senior Dance Committee. Freshman Reception Committee. Christmas Decorating Committee, '19. Tennis Tournament, '17, '18, '19. Secretary G. A. A. Board.

## MARY WINANS HARRIS

"Mary," "Harry"

"Her gentle wit she plies  
To teach them truth."

Commercial—Business. Knitting Unit, '18. Class Day Committee, '20. Christmas Committee, '19. Gym Fete, '20. Comforts Unit, '18.







FRANK HARRISON "Frank"

"Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk."

General—College.

MABEL L. HAZELTON "Hazie"

"Self-trust is the first secret of success."

Commercial—Business. Knitting Unit,  
'18. Honorable Mention Bookkeeping,  
'19.

WILLIS HENRY "Bill"

"Nonsense now and then is pleasing."

Commercial—Undecided. Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19, '20. Class Baseball, '17, '20. Baseball, '17. Football, '20. Junior Arrangements Committee. Minstrels, '18, '19, '20. Farming Unit.

OLIVE HOOPER "Ollie"

"While I keep my senses, I shall prefer nothing to a pleasant friend."

General—Business. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Comfort Committee, '17. Game Committee, '19. Christmas Committee, '19.

ALICE HUMMER "Hum"

"Go, measure yourself by her standard."

General—Undecided. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Comforts Committee, '17.

MABEL M. JACKSON "Jack"

"I will help others, out of a fellow feeling."

General—Business. Senior Feed Committee. Vice President Hi-Tri, '19, President, '19, '20. Freshman Reception Committee, '19. Christmas Exercise Committee, '19. Chairman Knitting Unit, '19. Chairman Surgical Dressings Unit, '19. Senior Ring Committee. Senior Play.

JENNIE C. KELLAWAY "Jane"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free."

General—Montclair Normal. Physical Education Exhibit, '20.

JOHN KING "Juanito"

"Had sighed to many, 'though he loved but one."

Commercial—Business. Public Works Committee, '17. Minstrel Show, '16, '17, '18. Froh-Heim, '17. Assistant Stage Manager Senior Play, '18. Track Manager, '20. Orchestra, '19. Gym Pageant, '20. Business Manager, Senior Play, '20.







SADIE M. KUNTZ "Sadie"

"Her bringing up had been good."

Commercial—Business. Gym Pageant, '20. Knitting Unit, '17, '18.

BENJAMIN KORNFIELD "Ben"

"Skillful, honest and true-hearted."

Scientific—Stevens Tech. Class Basketball, '18, '19, '20. Class Track, '18. B. A. A. Minstrels, '17, '18. Senior Feed Committee, '19. Senior Play. Class Day Committee. Track Team, '20. Senior Picnic Committee. Class Basketball, '20. Usher, '20.

KENNETH LARABEE "Ken"

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, O!"

Scientific—Rutgers. B. A. A. Minstrels, '16, '17, '18. Class Basketball, '16. Assistant School Editor, Oracle, '16. Decorating Committee Freshman Reception, '17, '18. Junior-Senior Feed Committee, '18. Christmas Committee, '19. Usher, '17, '18, '19. Cadet Corps, '17, '18. Tennis Team, '17, '18. Captain, '18. Football, '19.

RUFUS LAREW "Rufe," "Kelly"

"His fame was great in all the land."

Scientific—Carnegie. Dr. Stillman Geometry Prize, '18. Freshman Reception Committee, '17, '18, '19. Football, '18, '19. Basketball, '18, '19, '20. Class Basketball, '16, '17, '18. Junior Red Cross Executive Board, '18, '19, '20. B. A. A. Board, '20. Senior Play. School Editor of Oracle, '19, '20. Class Baseball, '20. Thanksgiving Exercise Committee, '19. P. H. S. Council, '18, '19, '20. Class President, '18, '19, '20.

JEROME V. LEARY "Jerry," "J.V.L."

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Scientific—Business. Editor-in-Chief, Senior Oracle. Editor-in-Chief Oracle, '19. Football, '17, '18, '19. Manager Baseball, '20. Minstrel Show, '17. Cadet Corps, '16, '17. Senior Play Committee. Senior Play. Usher, '17, '18, '19. Chapel Usher, '19. School Council, '19. Freshman Reception Committee, '19. Chairman Junior Decorating Committee. Class Basketball and Baseball, '19, '20. Chapel Exercise Committee, '18. Thanksgiving Exercise Committee, '19. B. A. A. Director, '19.

ELSIE MAY LEIGHS "Els," "Slymn"

"What is love?"

General—Classical—Muhlenberg Hospital. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Christmas Decorating Committee, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Physical Training Exhibit, '20.

ESTHER LOIZEAUX "S"

"There is nothing half so sweet as love's young dream."

General—Commercial—Business. Exchange Editor Oracle, '18. Assistant School Editor Oracle, '19. First Prize Stenography I, '18. First Prize Bookkeeping I, '18. Surgical Dressings, '17, '18. Junior-Senior Feed Committee, '18. Christmas Exercise Committee, '19. Class Basketball, '20. Senior Play. Tennis Tournament, '20.

RUTH LUSTIG "Ootums," "Ruthie"

"A face with gladness overspread."

Commercial—Business. Prize in Stenography I, '18. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Bank, '18, '19.







EDWARD MCCARTHY "Ed," "Mac"

"Philosopher—rhymers, and musician—  
and lover also."

Classical—Princeton. Surgical Dressing Unit, '18. B. A. A. Minstrels, '19. Oracle Contributors' Club, '19, '20. Usher, '20. Music for Thanksgiving Pageant, '20. Senior Play. Senior Play Picnic Chairman. Indian Club Drill, '20.

JEAN MACNAB

"Jean," "Jeanie," "Beans," "Vallie"

"But sure the eye of time beholds no name  
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame."

General—Commercial—Secretarial Work. Oracle Contributors' Club, '17. Surgical Dressings Unit, '17, '18. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Students Chairman Knitting Committee, '19. Field Hockey, '18. Track, '18, '19. First Prize Sten. I, '19. Usher, '20. Captain Class Basketball, '20. Service Memorial Committee, '20. Valedictorian.

CELIA MANN

"Celia"

"So wise, so young."

Classical—Barnard. Surgical Dressing Unit, '18. Knitting Unit, '18. Debating Team (Leader) '20. Red Cross Executive Board, '19, '20. Secretary Red Cross Executive Board, '20. Senior Oracle Board.

JANET MARCHANT "Jane," "Ja-Da"

"And when I've said 'I won't!'—I won't,  
and I won't, and I won't!"

Classical—Teacher's College. Public Works Committee, '18. Oracle Contributors' Club. Oracle Board, '19. Class Basketball, '18, '19, '20. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Chairman Hi-Tri Supper Committee. Junior Representative to Hi-Tri at Yonkers Convention, '19. Tennis Tournament, '17, '18, '19, '20. Honorable Mention in Prize Exam in Caesar. Third Prize County Thrift Content, Vice-President, '19. Chief Usher, '20. Senior Play, Gvm, Pageant, Senior Ring Committee, Chairman Class Day Committee.



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## ELLEN S. MAURY

"Laugh not too much."

General Course—Normal School. Surgical Dressing Unit.

## GEORGE MEHL

"Fritz"

"If I were King, my pipe would be my premier."

Commercial—Business. Football, '17, '18, '19. Basketball Manager, '20. Vice-President B. A. A. Board, '20. Minstrels, '16. Froh-Heim, '17. Class Basketball, '19, '20. Class Baseball, '20 (Captain). Usher, '18, '19 (Chief, '20). Cane Rush Committee, '18. Senior Play Committee, '19. Christmas Committee, '19. Business Manager Senior Play, '20. Business Manager Senior Oracle, '20. First Sergeant Cadet Corps, '17.

## SPENCER B. MEREDITH

"Spen"

"My way is to begin at the beginning."

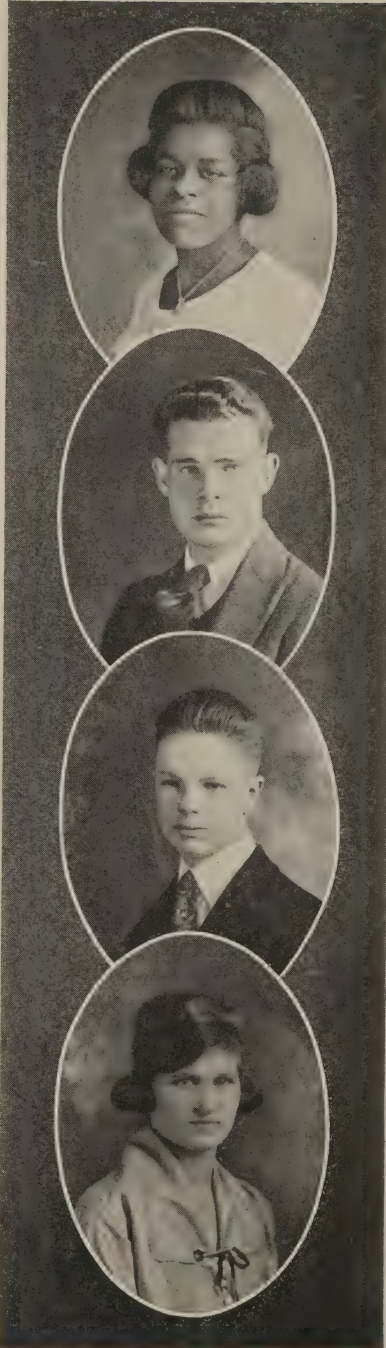
Classical—Wesleyan. Yearly Honor Roll, '17. Second Caesar Prize, '18. Cadet Corps, '17, '18. Minstrel Show, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. First Chemistry Prize, '19. Track, '19. Football, '19. Senior Play (Property Manager). Class Baseball, '20. Usher, '20. Public Works Committee, '20.

## RUTH MEYROWITZ

"Rufus"

"A person of mystery."

Commercial—Business. Sewing Unit.







JOHN W. MOGEY "Jack," "John"

"Strange to the world, he bore a bashful look."

Classical—Technical School. Industrial Army, '17. Cadet Corps, '17, '18. Honorable Mention Mathematics, '18. Minstrel Show, '18, '19. Usher, '19, '20.

HARRIET MORTIMER "Hat"

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Class Basketball, '18, '19. School Team, '19, '20.

HENRY D. MYGATT "Hen"

"Of my merit you yourself may judge."

Scientific—Dartmouth. Football, '19. Baseball, '20. End Man Minstrels, '19.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH NASH "Dot"

"Do I view the world as a vale of tears? Ah, reverend sir, not I."

Commercial—Business. Basketball, '17, '18. Knitting Unit, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Chairman Freshman Reception Committee, '20. Swimming, '16. School Council, '20. Secretary Senior Class, '20. Treasurer of G. A. A., '19.

## ERNEST ALBERT NAYLOR "Ernie"

"Heaven forbid that I should advise  
anyone to become a musician."

General—Law School. Orchestra, '16,  
'17, '18, '19. Baseball, '20.

## JOCELYN NOLTING

"Dottie," "Josh," "Jos"

"Is she not passing fair?"

General—Business. Knitting Unit, '17,  
'18. Junior-Senior Feed Committee,  
'19.

## MARY O'KEEFFE "Mary," "Maria"

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat  
So, therefore, let's be merry."

General—Undecided. Knitting Unit, '17,  
'18. Corridor Leader, '19, '20. De-  
bating, '20.

## WILLIAM A. PALMER "Bill," "Wop"

"I am in debt to nobody but myself."

Classical—Dartmouth. Minstrels, '17.  
Usher, '18, '19. Honorable Mention  
Courier-News Essay Prize, '19. Foot-  
ball, '19. First Prize Army Essay Con-  
test.







ELIZABETH PERKINS "Betty," "Bets"

"The glory of a firm capacious mind."

Classical—Vassar. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18, '19. Oracle Contributors' Club. Junior-Senior Feed Committee, '19.

MARY ELIZABETH PFISTER

"Mary," "Fist"

"Thou lift'st thy unassuming head  
In humble guise."

Commercial—Business. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Gymnasium Fete, '20.

INEZ POGGIO

"Inez"

"A smile that glow'd celestial rosy red."

Commercial—Undecided.

CAROLINE RANDOLPH "Caroline"

"Her blush is like the morning,  
The rosy dawn, the springing grass  
With early gems adorning."

Classical—General—Boarding School. Vice-President Junior Class, '17, '18. G. A. A. Board, '18, '19. Christmas Music Committee, '19. Surgical Dressings Unit, '17, '18. Junior-Senior Feed Committee, '17, '18.

## HAROLD B. SEARLES

"Chicky," "Searles"

"The beloved reformer."

General—Rutgers. Usher, '16, '17, '18, '19. Freshman Reception Committee, '17, '18, '19. Surgical Dressing Unit, '17, '18. Cadet Corps, '17. President Hi-Y, '20. Manager Football, '19. Minstrels, '16, '17, '18. Junior-Senior Feed Committee, '18. Senior Picnic Committee.

## CONSTANCE SELBY

"Cudelia," "Connie"

"She mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Classical—College. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit, '18. Gym Pageant, '20. Hockey, '18.

## RAE SEMER

"Billy"

"Self-trust is the first secret of success."

Commercial—Savage School. Sewing Unit, '18.

## CHESTER R. SOURS

"Chet"

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Classical—College. Usher, '17. Minstrels, '16, '17, '19. Vice-President Sophomore Class. Assistant Editor-in-Chief Oracle, '18. Stage Manager Senior Play. Chairman Christmas Exercise Committee. Director School Orchestra, '20. Cadet Corps, '17. Assistant Manager Basketball, '17.





JESSIE SUTPHEN

"Jessie"

"It's guid to be honest and true."

Commercial—Business. Gym Fete, '20.  
Knitting Unit, '17, '18.

ELMER H. SWACKHAMER "Swack"

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep.'"

Scientific—College. School Council, '19,  
'20. Class Basketball, '16, '17. Business  
Manager Oracle, '19, '20. Junior  
Red Cross, '18, '19, '20. Liberty Loan  
Drive, '18.

MAY TAYLOR

"Peg"

"She is gentle."

Classical—College. Westfield High  
School, '17, '18.

EVELYN ALFREDA TENNYSON

"Evelina"

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit  
of a loyal nature and of noble minds."General—Course in applied Art, Alfred,  
N. Y. Knitting Unit, '17, '18. Surgical  
Dressings Unit, '17, '18. Chairman of  
Oracle Contributors' Club, '18, '19.  
Freshman Reception Committee, '20.  
Chess Club, '19, '20. Honorable Men-  
tion Poster Contest, '19. Service Me-  
morial Committee, '19, '20. Senior  
Oracle Board.

MARJORIE LOUISE VENABLE

"Silence is golden."

General—Normal School.

ELSIE VAIL

"Red"

"And when I see that lock of gold  
Pale grows the evening-red."

Classical—Boston Conservatory. Vice-President, '17, '18. Surgical Dressings, '18. Music Committee, '19. Physical Educational Pageant, '20.

A. RANGER TYLER

"Art"

"Bound both together by love's sweet cord.  
We're always together—me and my Ford."

Classical—College. Second Craig A. Marsh Prize, '17. Secretary Sophomore Class. Usher Squad, '19. Christmas Picture Committee, '19. Minstrel Show, '19. Class Club, '19. Treasurer of Debating Society, '20.

EDWARD TOMSON

"Ed"

"I quietly smile at my incessant good  
fortune."

Commercial—Business. Public Works Committee, '16. Minstrel Show, '16, '17, '18. Christmas Committee, '18. First Prize, Type I Exam. '18. Assistant Business Manager of the Oracle, '17, '18, '19, '20. Advertising Manager of the Senior Oracle, '20. Gym Pageant, '20.







EDWARD VOGEL

"Eddie"

"I never asked anyone to understand me."

Commercial—Business. Football, '20.  
 Usher, '20. Class Baseball, '20. Cadet  
 Corps, '18.

DOROTHY WALSH "Dottie," "Dot"

"While men have eyes or ears or taste  
 She'll always find a lover."

General—Business. Knitting Unit, '18.  
 Freshman Game Committee, '17.

MARTHA WILLIAMS

"Martha"

"Covetous of wisdom and fair virtue."

Classical—Elmira.

HAROLD WILSON "Bitz," "Shortus"

"A youth to whom was given  
 So much of earth, so much of heaven."

Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19. Basket-  
 ball, '20. Football, '20. Christmas  
 Committee, '20. Senior Dance Commit-  
 tee, '20. Class Day Committee, Senior  
 Play. Usher, '20. Boys' Working Re-  
 serve, '18. Class Track Team, '17.

SADYE S. WEINTROB

"Syd"

"Then she would talk, ye gods, how she  
would talk!"

Commercial—Columbia. Class Basket-  
ball, '17. G. A. A. Dance Committee,  
'18. G. A. A. Refreshment Committee,  
'18. Christmas Entertainment Com-  
mittee, '18. Surgical Dressings Unit,  
'18, '19. Knitting Unit, '18, '19. Pic-  
ture Committee, '19.

GRACE M. WHEELER

"Phatt," "Snootie"

"Thou hast wit, and fun, and fire."

Commercial—Undecided.

ANNA BERTHA WOIKE

"Ann"

"Your heart's like a child  
And your life like the new-driven snow."

Commercial—Business. Massachusetts  
High School, '16, '17. Oracle Contrib-  
utors' Club, '18. Knitting Unit, '18,  
'19.

JENNIE HIRSCH

"Jen"

"Then she would talk, ye gods, how she  
would talk!"

Commercial—Business. Liberty Loan  
Committee, '18. Knitting Unit, '18, '19.  
Surgical Dressings Unit, '18, '19.







ADA DAYTON

"Buddy"

"It's not her hair, her form, her face,  
Though matching beauty's famous queen;  
But the mind that shines in every grace,  
And chiefly in her sparkling e'en."

Classical—Elmira. Thanksgiving Page-  
ant. Field Hockey, '18. Debating  
Team, '20. Surgical Dressings Unit.  
Secretary Hi-Tri. Oracle Contributors'  
Club. Senior Play.

WILLIAM JUDISCH

"Bill"

"But as you know me all, a plain blunt  
man that love my friends."

Scientific—Pratt Tech. Minstrel Show,  
'19. Senior Baseball Team.

MARTHA L. BOLLES

"Bollesiee"

"Skin more fair, more glorious head, and  
far more glorious hair."

Classical—College. Somerville High  
School, '17, '18. Senior Play. Class  
Day Committee. Second Senior Prize  
in U. S. M. Contest.

JOHN DUFF

"Johnny"

"A bold, bad man."

General—Business. Football, '19, Track,  
'20. Senior Basketball. Senior Base-  
ball.

JOSEPH NAYLOR

"Joe"

"I was born in Lincoln, I shall live in  
Lincoln, and die in Lincoln."

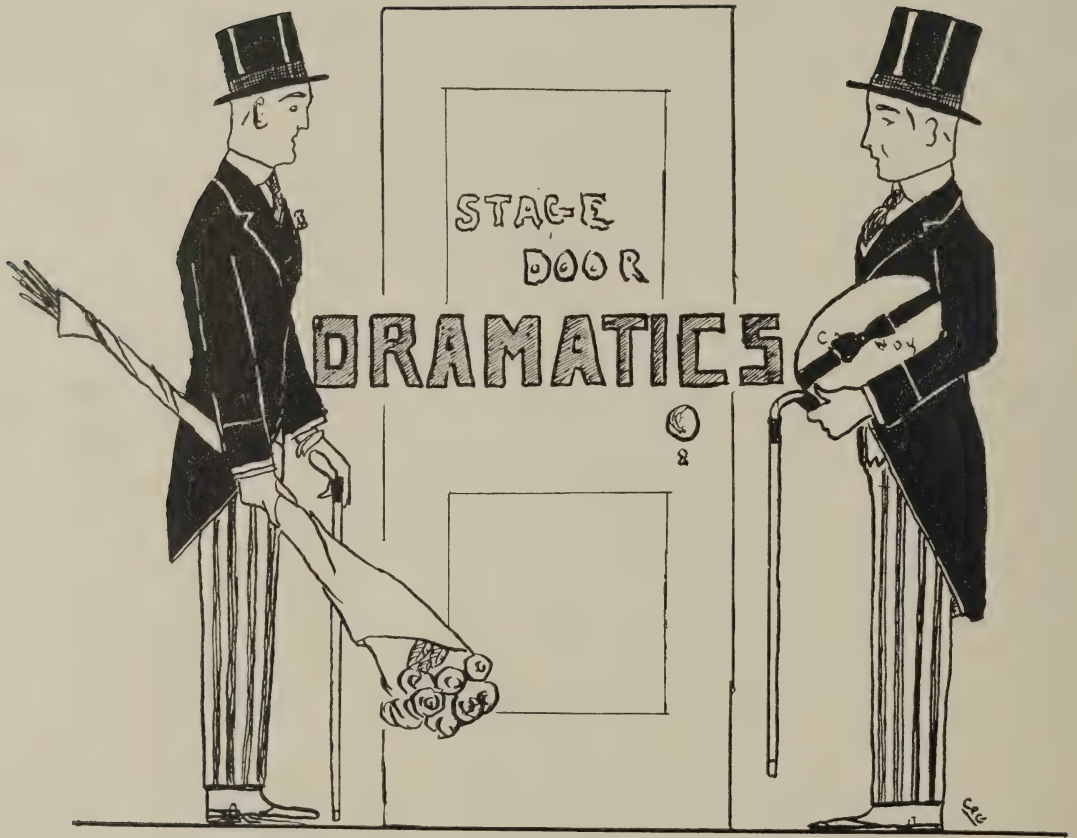
Commercial—Business.



BASEBALL TEAM—TRACK TEAM

PHOTO BY STONE & LUCKEY





## Christmas Exercises

At Christmas time, as usual, the Senior Class had charge of most of the exercises. The usual ritual concluded, Mr. Best turned the stage over to the Seniors. After a reasonable delay the awe-stricken Juniors, together with the rest of the "lower classes," beheld a most imposing spectacle—an auction sale taking place on the stage of the Plainfield High School. But what were the people doing? Why, they were singing this song to the tune of "Take Me to That Land of Jazz."

Class of Nineteen Twenty-one,  
We are here today for just a little fun,  
So be good sports.  
Come and take your dose without any snorts.  
You may blush and be upset,  
But your chance is coming yet.  
For, next year when you're Seniors,  
You'll have your turn on the Juniors;  
So now we'll give you all the raspberry,  
You simple little Junior class.

Which was quickly followed by:

Nineteen Twenty was a tip-top class  
In Plainfield High last year.  
Now that we are Seniors in the knockers' place  
That's why we today have a smiling face.  
Each one sees us all so happy,  
And so brim-full of glee  
You wonder why, and here's our reply,  
It's a wonderful day for Twenty.

CHORUS:

We've got the class that they call Juniors  
Waiting, waiting for knocks.  
They have been naughty,  
And a little too haughty,  
And now they'll get some shocks;  
And now today we're going to have an auction,  
In Plainfield High.  
We'll have them up here on the platform,  
And we'll pick out their rate,  
Last year 'twas we who all met the same fate;  
But ev'rything comes to those who wait.  
Now, little Juniors, Juniors don't you cry.

They soon finished; and then the auction began in earnest. It proved that the group of "bidders" holding down the boards was the Senior Class, and that the capable auctioneer was none other than its President, Rufus Larew. One by one the disreputable members of the Junior Class were summoned to the "block" as different articles of value, such as grandfathers' clocks, smoking stands, and chandeliers. But as the bidding commenced it did not take long to see that the value of these articles was only imaginary, for nothing higher than three cents (Mexican Currency) was received.

Becoming disgusted with the general worthlessness of the articles on sale, the auctioneer brought the auction to a close with the following song by the "bidders":



Treat the Seniors to a big feed,  
 It's about time that we ate;  
 After working on this show till late last night,  
 We have got an awful healthy appetite.  
 We have tried to entertain you,  
 There's no doubt our show was great;  
 How the Juniors wriggled when we passed our "stings,"  
 Everybody seemed to like the foolish things;  
 Please forgive us if they hurt you;  
 We're getting hungry, and it's late.

## Class Day Exercises

Those fortunate enough to be present at the Class Day exercises were carried back to those balmy days when the school consisted of a room and the faculty consisted of a teacher. With Ruth Compton as this teacher, the class showed off its best efforts to the visiting Board of Education, which was headed by Rufus Larew. The programme was opened by a vocal vociferation on the part of the entire school, to the tune of "Swanee." The words follow:

### Just As We've Always Done

(Tune—Swanee)

Oh! This is 1920's last night,  
 Tomorrow we'll be out of sight,  
 We'd like to bet—you won't forget  
 Just as you've always done.  
 Oh! Soph'mores, you're the full of "pep" class;  
 And since you're wise, we know you'll pass;  
 We want to show—the right way to go,  
 Just as we've always done.

CHORUS:

Oh! Dear old High School  
 We've been plucky—you've been lucky  
 To have us four years;  
 Although we'll miss you all,  
 We can't come back next fall,  
 But we'll be thinking of the  
 Gone-by days of plays and picnics  
 Which we've all spent together.  
 And now we wish the best of luck to you,  
 Still beneath the red and blue.

Oh! Junior class here's some advice  
 You will not think quite so nice—  
 When *each* Senior right—fades out of sight  
 Just as they've always done.  
 Green Freshies you'll be sure to grow up,  
 But never on your studies slow up,  
 If you have spunk,—you will not flunk,  
 Just as *we've* never done.

CHORUS: As above.

To you our faculty we all say  
 Our grateful tribute now we'll pay,  
 'Cause we were sharks—you gave us marks  
 Just as you've always done.  
 But still we find there's something more due  
 For helping us those four years through;  
 But now we must go—and start our big show  
 Just as we've always done.

M. GREENE  
 A. HARPER  
 J. MARCHANT

Next came a demonstration by the History Division, with readings by its members on the history of the Senior Class. Then the Psychouijalogy Group came forth, and by consulting the Ouija board prophesied various interesting things concerning some of the prominent members of the Class. But with the conclusion of this interesting diversion, the Class Poem was recited by its author, Marion A. Greene. The Class Will was read by Janet Marchant, and then the head of the Board awarded the prizes for the preceding school year (which consisted of the statistics).

Led by "Charles L. Lewis" Bailie, the exercises were brought to a finish with the closing song.

## Closing Song

(Miami Shore)

Classmates we hate to be parting,  
 Into the world we pass  
 Though we may all be successful  
 We shan't forget this dear class.  
 Life in a new field is calling,  
 So we won't linger long;  
 And as we go on our journey,  
 Together we'll sing this song:

CHORUS:

Plainfield High will always be our guiding light,  
 Where success is crowned with honor in life's fight.  
 Alma Mater, too, will always keep us true,  
 And so we sigh, to say goodbye,  
 Old Red and Blue.

Twenty has ever been faithful,  
 Teachers have been our friends,  
 And for your patience and kindness,  
 Tales of success we will send.  
 Juniors and Sophomores and Freshmen,  
 We say good-bye today.  
 When you have finished your studies,  
 Be proud that you all can say:

(CHORUS)

J. FAUCETT





"THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE"

PHOTO BY PAUL R. COLLIER

## “The Manœuvres of Jane”

If one may believe the press notices and the enthusiastic comment of the audience in the lobby of the High School after the play, the annual dramatic presentation of the Senior Class was a success. Although precedent was thrown to the winds in the selection of a modern comedy in lieu of the usual Shakespearean or medieval farce, the house was no less packed, nor was the applause less generous than it was in former years.

The title that Arthur Paul Jones chose for this, perhaps the most prominent of his comedies, was, indeed, a happy one. “Jane” “manœuvred.” She manœuvred everything and everybody, so that she could marry her “Georgie” in spite of “that horrid Mrs. Beechinoor,” her father, and “Jervis Pushon.” “Janet Marchant was “Jane.” “Was” is the only word that expresses her characterization of the part. “Rufe” Larew was “Georgie,” a thrilling and convincing lover. “Ben” Kornfield, adorned with side-burns and pugnacious moustaches, took the part of Mr. Nagle. “Ben” took the audience by storm and, with the only “cuss-words” in the whole play, lifted the house from its seat twice during the performance. Jerome Leary was the real villain of the play. As “Jervis Pushon” he schemed and planned with Martha Bolles, who took the part of “Mrs. Beechinoor,” so that Jane and her millions would be added to the estate of his nephew, Lord Bapchild.

And Lord Bapchild! His love affairs with the ambitious Connie Gage were the funniest scenes of the play. The acting of Edward McCarthy and Cateau De Leeuw in these two parts was the best in the whole four acts. Marion Greene was a very clever infant in the part of Pamela Beechinoor, the daughter of Mrs. Beechinoor. The interpretations of the other characters were also exceedingly well done. Ada Dayton, Mabel Jackson, Esther Loizeaux, Ruth Compton, Martha Williams, Alice Greenwood, Harold Wilson, and Jack Faucett completed the list of players.

The success of the play was due to a large extent to the coaching of Miss Allan, and to the work of John King and George Mehl, business managers, and Chester Sours, stage manager.

## Class Statistics

### Most Popular

Janet Marchant  
Rufus Larew

### Best All Around

Janet Marchant  
Ellis Enander

### Done Most for P. H. S.

Ada Dayton  
Rufus Larew

### Most Executive Ability

Mabel Jackson  
Rufus Larew

### Most Class Spirit

Ruth Compton  
Rufus Larew

### Done Most for 1920

Mabel Jackson  
Rufus Larew

### Most Likely to Succeed

Celia Mann  
George Bixby

### Best Dancer

Helen Detweiler  
Jack Faucett

### Best Natured

Charlotte Fowler  
Jerome Leary

### Most Sensible

Hester Hanson  
Jerome Leary

### Most Sarcastic

Esther Loizeaux  
Chester Sours

### Class Wits

Marion Greene  
James Connolly

### Most Dignified

Mabel Jackson  
George Bixby

### Prettiest Girl

Adelaide Harper

### Handsomeest Boy

Henry Mygatt

### Best Actress

Janet Marchant

### Best Actor

Edward McCarthy

### Most Independent

John Duff  
Evelyn Tennyson

### Most Womanly

Martha Bolles

### Most Manly

George Bixby

### Most Energetic

Celia Mann  
Chester Sours

### Most Athletic

Helen Detweiler  
Ellis Enander

### Faculty Torments

Willis Henry  
Sadye Weintrob

### Most Generous

Benjamin Kornfield  
Mabel Jackson

### Most Happy-go-lucky

Charles Gates  
Esther Loizeaux

### Most Fun

Mary Harris  
Henry Mygatt

### Most Studios

Celia Mann  
Chester Sours

### Faculty Joys

Katherine Brennan  
Chester Sours

### Most Original

Cateau DeLeeuw  
George Bixby

### Most Bashful

Della Dunn  
John Mogeys

### Biggest Giggers

Mary Harris  
Willis Henry

### Most Likely to Marry

Caroline Randolph  
Charles Gates

### Biggest Bluffers

Sadye Weintrob  
George Mehl

### Biggest Talkers

Esther Loizeaux  
Harold Searles

### Man's Lady

Charlotte Fowler

### Lady's Man

Kenneth Larabee

### Poets

Jerome Leary  
Marion Greene

### Orators

Ada Dayton  
Jerome Leary

### Musicians

Adelaide Harper  
Chester Sours

### Biggest Jolliers

Margaret Endress  
Henry Mygatt

### Biggest Blushers

Ruth Compton  
Edward McCarthy

### Class Baby

Marion Greene  
Edward Tomson



## Class History

### THE PREHISTORIC AGE

Long ago, in the Prehistoric Age, a peculiar race of people, called Freshmen, migrated from the Grammar School into the unknown realms of High School. These barbarous people left few traces of their early achievements, but some records have been excavated from the ruin of their ancient civilization. They were somewhat influenced by the culture around them. One of the big chiefs captured the Math. prize. The females won their freedom and gained the class championship in basketball. Some of the boys, desirous of learning hitherto unknown methods of farming, went to Fro-Heim and Holley's farms. In spite of brilliancy in some lines, the intricate procedure of gaining safe conduct "passes" was hard for them to grasp. At last when these days gave way to the super-exaggerated wisdom of the Medieval Age they changed their race name to Sophomores.

### ANCIENT HISTORY.

During the period from '17 to '18, the grand tribe of '20 encamped within the time honored dug-outs 260, 261, 271, 318, 203 and 360 in order to imbibe more learning from the gracious faculty.

After having successfully arranged our ranks for battle the Football team was materially augmented by the herculean strength of two of our heroes.

Each succeeding Thursday our Cadet Corps valiantly sallied forth to beat down the vegetation in the wild West—west of Union Ave., while the Surgical Dressing Girls hung breathless with admiration from the library windows to inspire their heroes with, well, not exactly patriotism.

318 was weekly turned topsy-turvy by young hopefuls who dabbed paste everywhere except on the backs of pictures in the scrap-books we were making. These same books, we heard, amused wounded soldiers.

Many accidents occurred, the cause being extra large knitting needles and human beings coming in contact at various corners, but this only added to the general martyrdom of the saintly Sophs.

During this period our class furnished a player for the Girls' Basketball Team, City Champions.

### THE VICTORIAN AGE.

The dawn of our Medieval History brought about a victory for our tribe in Football when several of our number won places on the Football team.

Then when the tribe of '19 roasted us at Christmas time, we heaped coals of fire upon their heads in the form of a delicious "feed," one of the best

ever given by any Junior Class. At this event our predecessors won the tug of war and the cane rush, but our noble mermen took the victory in the Swimming races.

It was during this winter that our tribe was further honored when two girls and two boys made the Basketball Teams. Also, one of our girls was elected Vice President of that grand and glorious, though new society, Hi-Tri.

Just before the close of this period, three of our number, veritable Mercuries, gained places on the Track Team.

At the close of the Medieval Period in our tribe's history, the scroll of parchment showed that our clan had contributed to the winning of the County Championship in Basketball, Football, and Track.

### MODERN HISTORY.

(Quotation from the Literary Digest.)

"Due to the paper shortage, The Literary Digest can devote only a page this week to the subject that could easily extend beyond the bindings of this volume. Our topic is, 'The far reaching and augmenting effects of the modern Phenomenon of rapid progress, the Class of 1920, upon society.' These remarkable people had leaders who captained the wonderful football, basketball, and track teams through glorious seasons. Under the leadership of two of its members the Hi-Y and Hi-Tri went through a successful year.

At Christmas time, it was their heroic warriors who showed the Junior tribe how war-paint could be becoming to 1920, and gave them a year to figure out how the Seniors could be victorious. All the points in the cane rush; the score was 5 to 0! All well-known countries have their wars. This nation battled more or less with a strange and fierce nation called Faculty, till finally it came to two pitched battles, one a basketball game, where Senior spirit (but not score) mounted high; the other a baseball game, when the faculty hit the dust, beaten to a frazzle, by a score of 9 to 6. The five members of the B. A. A. Board were of this lusty tribe, as were three of the debating team. With four males on the basketball team, The Literary Digest deems it quite significant that it was the first time in about ten years that both the City and County Championships were captured.

Thus is seen, by the preceding record, the accomplishments of the Class of 1920.

## Senior Picnic

On the cool and shady heights of Watchung Mountains the Senior Class gamboled and grazed last Friday, the eleventh. The Union car was the means of transportation to the well-known mountain range. The gleeful crowd which had just passed through an epidemic of "exams" started on a long and wearisome ascent to Chimney Rock. The birds caroled joyously at the sight of Rufe Larew flinging about in his fulsome white flannels, and the cows in the green meadows gyrated with glee when they gazed on the gruesome sight of George E. Mehl gallumphing grumbly up the path. Art Bailie, because he knew the country, and because of his longitudinal propensities, was the first to sight a suitable spot whereupon the weary could recuperate, and whereupon the intrepid could enter upon the festivities of the day.

What was done during the course of the day? It would be quite impossible to describe the joys attendant upon those frolics. Remember, if you can, all those picnics upon which you have ever romped, take the best features of the conglomerate mass, and the result will be one which hardly equals the Senior Picnic.

Will "Bits" Wilson's catch of Adelaide Harper's fast liner in the ninth stanza of the ninth inning of the game in which the girls opposed the boys ever be forgotten? Will anyone fail to remember the shoe-string catch which Helen Detweiler made of "Pipes" Enander's sizzler in the twenty-second?

Also the dancing! "Chet" Sours, the inimitable jazz artist, furnished some noise for the terpsichorean work. The pavilion was ideal for the purpose. The faculty gathered around and, with benignant smiles, beamed approval on the happy gathering.

The evening shadows were gathering grotesquely on the little hamlet of Bound Brook when the class plodded homeward. The day was done.





ARTHUR BAILIE—Once known as Barnum's Bailie, is our tall man. His one great ambition is to break the high jump records or break his neck. He also hopes to jump to Bound Brook, and if he does, we know he'll be all up in the air.

HESTER HANSON—"Het," after so much practical experience in the hospital, is going to be a doctor, specializing in the removal of acute appendix, just to see if the other fellow likes it any better than she does.

EUNICE BANKS—To be a dainty nurse has always been the *height* of Eunie's ambition. Subjects not taught at the Presbyterian Hospital, she will take up later at the "Bryant." We know Eunice will have no hardships to pass over that "would rough" (Woodruff) her feelings.

ELIZABETH PERKINS—Betty is going to invent a new kind of school in which courses of math. and Latin don't overlap in crowded schedules and all the setting-up drills are done in slow waltz time to avoid too much exercise.

CELIA MANN—Is going valiantly through Barnard, after which she'll tour the country lecturing on this subject "The psychological advantages of debating with one's hair down in curls." Celia will be the living example of her theory.

WILLIS HENRY—Will take over the Berkeley Hotel Bar Room, of Bound Brook. He will remodel the place and start up an up-to-date school for frantastic fanatical dancing, catering especially to the trade from Manville.

FRANK HARRISON—After getting the "raz" as a draftsman, Frank will become a partner in the firm of Henry, Henry, and Henry, of Bound Brook, which will then be known as the Henry-And-Harrison-Hang-Out.

GEORGE BIXBY—Our eminent scientific student, will finish a course of engineering at Stevens' Tech., after which he will make his name famous by figuring out new curves for the famous "Bixby Pretzel," and will end his life in "danceless and womanless solitude."

RUFUS LAREW—Our versatile president, after strenuous years at Carnegie, will take a walking trip for his health. He will go "marchin'" (Marchant) along through the Maine woods till, finally, exhausted, he will sit down beneath the "Greenwood" tree and bake pan-cakes with "Washburn" flour.

ALICE GREENWOOD—"Chink," after her course at Scudder, will go into the movies to out-Theda Theda till she earns enough money to buy a big "Tom" cat for a pet and a home in Newark. She will have a nervous collapse when one day the cat "Burns" his tail after getting it tangled in his mistress's curling iron.

ELSIE VAIL—Elsie will become a dancing teacher in a private school, and will have "Ben sen" her a box of candy once a week. If he ever fails she will "Ball" him out completely.

JANET MARCHANT—This popular young lady upon leaving college will become engaged. For her Hope "Chest 'er" (Chester) friends will give her beautiful gifts. Later her husband will have a house built for a "roof 'e" (Rufie) will make a garden overlooking "La Rue."

ESTHER LOIZEAUX—Esther will take up a new "Art. Her" (Arthur) energies will be spent "dick"-ering over a new invention in which the "pipes" can be "jack"ed up so the "faucets" (Faucett) won't leak.

GLADYS HAIGHT—Our dainty Gladys will travel extensively, but will never rue the time she spends thus. Later she will eddy (Eddie) homeward, settle down and make a study of Shakespear's Macbeth and especially of the great (Mac) "Duff."

JEAN MACNAB—

She'll travel the whole country round,  
This gen'rous and quiet young dame,  
And return well known and far renowned—  
As a linguist, she'll win greatest fame.

MARY HARRIS—Mary will become one of the *Best* stenographers which the school has ever produced. Finding that there is not enough work in this position, she will soon sign a contract with another firm where she will find herself kept busy looking after "mail" (Mehl).

MARTHA BOLLES—

Our "Bollesie" smiles so sweetly  
She makes us all adore her.  
A boarding school for *nice* young girls  
The future holds before her.

SADYE WEINTRO—Sadye's adaptability to oriental parts will win her a place on the stage as the perfect Turkish Delight under the cognomen of Sadye and her Trophies.

JACK FAUCETT—Jack's athletic accomplishments will bring honor to himself and his Alma Mater by getting him a job "dot"ting cheese in the Cheeseboro Swiss Cheese Hole Manufacturing Company. He will later forsake this lucrative position for one as a coach on the Long Branch basketball team.

LUCILLE CASNER—The West is calling Lucille and after the completion of her education, she will become financial secretary of the Paramount Fillum Company.

EDWARD VOGEL—Eddie is one of our illustrious readers. He has "Red Macaulay" and soon he will take a correspondence course from a "Bloomfield" school.

VIOLET BERGER—

Although in Sten and Typewriting  
She cannot make her speed;  
As a secretary in *Old Japan*,  
She sure will take the lead.

CATEAU DELEEUW—

Cateau will be an actress;  
How well she takes her part!  
But then she'll bob her hair off,  
And take up "r-edwood" (Edward) art.

CONSTANCE SELBY—

This awe inspiring damsel  
Will make the kids obey.  
Ruling the little red school house,  
Down old Manville way.



EVELYN TENNYSON—

Evelyn's bound for Alfred  
To study applied design;  
But 'tis said, her daily bread  
Will be earned across the brine.

CHARLES GATES—"Charrules" has been destined to pass his days as a drummer. Technically speaking, he will be a pedler and will "carry a line" (Caroline) of tooth picks and safety razors.

JOHN MOGEY—John, the eldest of a long line of Mogeys, greatest exponent of Mogeism, will astonish the scientific world with a wonderful Mogeified telescope. He will make amazing discoveries of disturbances on Mars, but after long years, he will die of a broken heart, upon finding that he has been observing the antics of a fly on the ceiling through the wrong end of the telescope.

MARION GREENE—

Class infant, because she's so young,  
Will became sadly twisted in tongue.  
In Paris she'll meet a nice man  
Who'll take her to ride in a see—"Dan";  
Brother scares him away and she cries "Boo-hoo!"  
Oh, the nice man'rained off' (Randolph) down 'la rue' (Larew").

HELEN DETWEILER—At first Detty will pursue the athletic vocation, but she will soon become more charitable by devoting herself to the immigrants at "Ellis" Island. The Governor will praise her excellent work "'n' 'and 'er" (Enander) a valuable reward.

ADELAIDE HARPER—Is going to take up interpretative dancing, tripping the light fantastic toe over hill and "Vail" till finally she becomes very serious in life and keeps a "Hennerie" (Henry) to supply herself with feathers for all her new winter hats.

A. RANGER TYLER—After A. Ranger T. has his diploma well in his grip, he will direct his flivver towards Rutøers, where the mysteries of farming will be instilled into his noble cranium. After becoming a bachelor of science and a married man, he will practice his profession in Oak Tree.

ERNEST NAYLOR—Ernest will try to earn his daily bread and nightly repose by his horn. He will eventually become a conductor,—not of a trolley car, but a band. His chief characteristic will be that of arriving at concerts on the "Dot." He will be a very energetic player and will "gnash" (Nash) his teeth and blow his horn until his audience will be dazed.

MABLE HAZELTON—Will soon be a stock broker and will corner Wall Street and Clinton Avenue. Her chief recreation from the wear and tear of business life will be dancing at the Elks' on Friday night. And "Kenny" dance? We'll say he can!

ED. TOMSON is going to be the commercial wonder of the age. Ouija shows him sitting at a desk surrounded by a halo of thin blue smoke, pouring over figures.

"BITS" WILSON in time will become a professional entertainer. We see him in the garb of a minister, exercising both his feet and vocal chords and amusing by his queer antics the famous Bostock family of Senior Play renown.

BENNY KORNFIELD, we find, will soon cease sowing his wild oats, and will settle down to a life of harmony. He will take up the study of the "Clara"-net, and we see him happily married and perfectly satisfied.

MARION BLOOMFIELD will take up "Art,"—that is, painting. But the fact that this will not then be in "vogue'll" (Vogel) alter the "case," and in time she will settle down somewhere west of the setting sun.

HENRY MYGATT—"Zowie!" (Zoe) Henry, the "Greene," will complete four blissful years in college. Then, having finally reached the "Summit" of his ambition, will edit a "Kitchen" department for "Harper's" Magazine, and p-"Esther" the housewives of the country for an infinity.

JACK FETHERSTON a tar will be

He'll follow the waves of the deep blue sea;  
Then back he'll come to Carnegie,  
And his cartoons in the News we'll see.

JOHNNIE KING will journey to Spain, where his knowledge of the language will help him to instill in those parts his latest system of prison reform.

MARY O'KEEFFE—Mary of the famous voice will talk Charlie Chaplin into buying her artistic giggle for use in the Chaplin films only. That's an exclusive giggle of Mary's.

DOT WALSH will move to California, where she will go in for politics and movies—mostly movies, at ten cents a show for amusement and one dollar a week for a living.

CHET SOURS—

Our illustrious stage manager, Chet  
Will get up a jazz band, I'll bet.  
Then in his life there "Is-a-belle"  
And after that—well, who can tell?

EDWARD MCCARTHY—Bapchild, beware! The Muses warn you—Don't Delay, O!" (DeLeeuw) Don't! Your fame and fortune will be lost by procrastination, but "A Date On" (A. Dayton) your calendar spells success.

JEROME LEARY will accept a position with the Courier-News staff, but his fame will next be *heralded* in the New York newspaper *world*. The remainder of his life will be spent in comparative ease in conducting columns entitled "J. V. L.'s OWN" and writing epic poems on such subjects as "Why I never go out twice with the same girl."

RUTH HAMMOND—

We are not sure what she'll do  
Poor Ouija's quite dejected;  
Of all the things expected to  
She'll do the unexpected.

ELIZABETH DUYKINCK

Mount Holyoke the Ouija spells  
And we can plainly see,  
As truth old Ouija always tells  
A teacher she will be.

MARGARET ENDRESS—It is not difficult to fortell "Midge's" future as the larger part of her life will be spent in keeping the lustre on her numerous cups and medals won at P. H. S. However, her athletic ability and daring will make her famous as Barnum and "BAILIE'S" star performer.

JOHN DUFF—Will be an author after he leaves our midst. His first book will be entitled "How to keep gold footballs until the gold wears off them."

DOROTHY BYLES—Our Salutatorian, will enter the business world and will be at first very successful. However, Dorothy will not be able to stand the imperfections of the commercial life, so she will withdraw and organize a colony of people called "The pursuers of PERFECTION."

"KEN" LARABEE—"Ken" will immediately proceed to obtain a position in some pastry shop, so that he can have all the chocolate "eclairs" (Claire) he wants. He will not stay there long, however, as he will be offered a position as assistant minister at the Heavenly Rest.

MABEL JACKSON—Will soon carve her (Carver) career along the lines of a Y. W. C. A. secretary. According to her former custom, she will continue doling out meal tickets for two "Bits."

"PIPES" ENANDER—Will attain a place in the hall of athletic fame. All the laurels of the Olympic games will be his, but his fiancée having rejected him, he will take up Evangelism, so that he may expound on Hell and Debt while her (Helen Detweiler) mind is changing.



GEORGE MEHL—

He's always merry (Mary) in winter and summer,  
 Whatever he does, he makes it a hummer (Hummer).  
 But in last years, he'll have harrassing (Harris) days  
 To be merry (Mary) or humming (Hummer).  
 Which of them pays?

HARRIET MORTIMER—Our little Harriet will take an extensive correspondence course in Reducing. Being vastly successful in this she will open a young ladies' establishment, advertising "Gymnastic school for fat people with slender aspirations and large appetites."

JOCELYN NOLTING—Our demure young "Dotty" will continue to be demure. She will become so quiet that she'll retire in seclusion to a cottage at the "town's end" (Townsend), bust she will be persuaded by "Dicken's son" (Dickinson) to go to the movies once a week.

DOT NASH—

Our Dot'll be typewriting in a bank  
 When an old time friend will hail her,  
 And "earnest"ly he will follow her up,  
 For he really wants to "nail'er" (Naylor).

MARY FITZPATRICK—Mary with her great knowledge of argument will succeed greatly in later life in politics. When New Jersey women are voting don't forget to vote for Mary.

MARTHA WILLIAMS—

As movie queen in comic parts  
 We're sure that she will go,  
 For Ouija points with jerks and darts  
 To "Warren" Studio.

RUTH COMPTON—

The Ouija board moves slowly thus  
 To Europe and return to us;  
 Instead of clicking silly keys  
 She'll sail the deep and dark blue seas.

DELLA DUNN—

In after years, notes she will take  
 In Gregg's shorthand dictations,  
 A good stenographer she will make  
 Because she has the patience.

CAROLINE RANDOLPH—

Where the soft sea breezes blow,  
Caroline's fortunes down South await  
In "Charles"-ton, S. C., her future will be,  
Where she'll pine by the old red "gate."

ADA DAYTON—Although famed for her oratorical ability, Ada will turn her thoughts and time to interior decorating. Then, in co-operation with a certain English Lord, who has successfully passed an architectural course at Princeton, she will beautify the famous Bapchild Estate.

MARGARET DISKIN—During the coming summer, will take long walks from "John" Street to "Clinton" Avenue each night with the hope of becoming thin. But it will not be until her declining years that she reaches the state of enviable willowy slenderness.

MINNIE ALLEN—

'Till she is eighteen years of age,  
We don't know what she'll do;  
To Savage school she'll turn her steps,  
Learn stunts and teaching too.

(Note from the "Courier-News."—January 16, 1927.)

MISS KATHRYN BRENNAN, superintendent of schools at Oak Tree, wishes to invite her Plainfield friends to a debate between Oak Tree and Piscataway. The subject of the debate is: "Resolved, That Princeton is a finer college than Yale." Miss Brennan's pupils will take the negative side of the question.

CHARLOTTE FOWLER—Charlotte is going to take up designing, having many designs on people in practice already. The only difference between Charlotte and the other Bohemians will be that she will not "Bob" her hair. "Fuller" explanations are not necessary.

## Flare of the Footlights

The Wonderful Thing .....	Diploma
Smilin' Through .....	Class of '20
The Hole in the Wall .....	Supplementaries
The Storm .....	Exams.
Lightnin' .....	J. I. F.
Shavings .....	"D-'s"
The Sign on the Door .....	"No Noise—Senior Exams."
Happy Days .....	Vacation
Beyond the Horizon .....	The wide, wide world
The Hottentot .....	J. F. P. C.
Scandals of 1920 .....	Junior Roast
Foot-Loose .....	Benny Kornfield
Take It From Me .....	Spencer's Mumps
My Lady Friends .....	Kenneth Larabee
Adam and Eve .....	Make your own selection
An Innocent Idea .....	Junior Dance
The Copper Head .....	Elsie Vail
Not So Long Ago .....	When we were Freshies
Betty, Be Good .....	Betty Perkins
Scandal .....	"She flunked me"
What's In a Name? .....	mail, king, leery, Wilson, faucett



## Prizes for 1920

### MATHEMATICS

The Dr. C. H. Stillman Prize, given by Mr. William Stillman.

First Prize—Fifteen dollars in gold: Roger Gilbert.

Second Prize—Ten dollars in gold: George M. Booth.

Honorable Mention—Ralph Vail.

### ENGLISH COMPOSITION

1. The George H. Babcock Prize, given by Mr. George L. Babcock to the pupils of the three upper classes writing the best composition.

First Prize—Fifteen dollars in books, chosen by the receiver of the prize:  
Evelyn Tennyson.

Second Prize—Ten dollars in books, chosen by the receiver of the prize:  
Janet Marchant.

Honorable Mention—Mary Genung, Marjorie Tuzo.

2. The Craig A. Marsh Prize, given by Mrs. O. T. Waring to the pupils of the Freshman Class writing the best compositions.

First Prize—Ten dollars in gold: Herbert Hooker.

Second Prize—Five dollars in gold: Margaret Rolande.

Honorable Mention—Hannah Moodey.

3. The W. C. T. U. Prize for the best essay on a given topic.

Prize—Five dollars in gold: Theodore Hofer.

Honorable Mention—Margaret White.

4. The Courier-News Prize, for the best essay on a topic relating to municipal affairs.

Prize—Ten dollars in gold: Constance Hadden.

Honorable Mention—Elizabeth Perkins.

## TRANSLATION PRIZES

Given by Mr. Alexander Gilbert for the best translation of assigned passages,  
a first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars, expended  
in books, chosen by the receiver of the prize.

## 1. Virgil:

First Prize: Janet Marchant.

Second Prize: John W. Mogey.

Honorable Mention: Edward McCarthy.

## 2. Cicero:

First Prize: Paul Leonhauser.

Second Prize: Clinton Harrower.

Honorable Mention: Gladys Bye.

## 3. Caesar:

First Prize: Clarence H. Mowen.

Second Prize: Vinton Lawrence.

Honorable Mention: Milton Runyon.

## COMMERCIAL PRIZES

Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman, a first prize of three dollars and a second  
prize of two dollars expended in the purchase of books chosen by the  
receiver of the prize.

## 1. Amanuensis:

First Prize: Esther Loizeaux.

Second Prize: Mary Harris.

## 2. Stenography I:

First Prize: Frances LaRoe.

Second Prize: Sylvia Rees.

Honorable Mention: Ethel Bell.

## 3. Bookkeeping I:

First Prize: Mildred Decker.

Second Prize: Mildred Higgins.

Honorable Mention: William Tarnowiecki.

## 4. Typewriting I:

First Prize: Fred Hunt.

Second Prize: Edna Pound.

Honorable Mention: Frances Guttridge.

## SCIENTIFIC PAPERS

## 1. The J. I. Lyle Prize, given for the best work in Physics:

First Prize: Ten dollars in gold: Spencer Meredith.

2. The Levis M. Booth Prize. Given for the best work in Chemistry,  
Leonard Cobb.



## Last Will and Testament

We, the impossible-to-beat-class of 1920, being in good humor, generous mood, of beneficent heart, and malicious intentions, do herein attach, annex and inveigle into accepting this, our first, last and only will and testament:

Anyone in P. H. S. who is willing to take it:

*First:* The wonderful privilege of keeping their eyes on and their feet off the beautiful velvety carpet in front of the school, i. e., the lawn.

*Secondly:* Indiscriminately the right to don overalls and threadbare sweaters, until prices become fairer and warmer.

Our somewhat worn-out and likewise obeyed faculty in general:

*PRIMUS:* The artistic scars, generously bestowed in the Senior Faculty conflict.

*DEUXIEME:* The fond memory of our lengthy honor roll and our two especially honored members, Jean Macnab and Dorothy Byles.

Mr. Beers and Miss Brown in particular:

Our apologies for the extent to which trolley, shank's mare, and bicycle service made the taking of attendance such an ordeal.

Miss Bond, Miss Elliott and Miss Lockwood in particular:

The trying task of finding one single Senior Class more adept in Thursday morning Informational work.

The time-honored and weather beaten Class of '21:

*First:* Our true friend and adviser, Mr. Hubbard.

*Secondly:* The right, by our precedent, of producing a modern play that will swell both pride and pocketbook.

*Thirdly:* The privilege of trying to have a Boys' Basketball team as *justly famous* and a Girls' team as equally invincible as those of the class of 1920.

*Fourthly:* The right to sit in the front seats in chapel, with full advantages of fussing the speakers.

Our Protege, the budding Class of 1922:

*First:* The responsibility of being as good sister class to our infant 1924, as we were to you.

*Second:* The moral support needed to fight and feed (at Christmas) the noble (and hungry) class of '21, which class incidentally we do bid you to love, honor, and especially obey.

The youngsters of 1923:

*First:* The right of becoming somebody without acquiring too much conceit.

*Secondly:* The honor of being the sister class of 1921.

The Incoming Class of 1924:

*Once:* The long respected class colors, red and white.

*Twice:* The honor of being a student of P. H. S.

*Thrice:* The delicious sensation of being the receiver of Miss Moore's invitations to *pink* teas in the library.

In witness whereof this 22nd day of June, 3 P. X., we have caused the finger prints, and seal of the illustrious Class of 1920 to be affixed to this our last Will and Testament.

WITNESSES:

OUIJA

SIR ORACLE

JOHN BARLEYCORN (GHOST OF)

CLASS OF 1920.

(SEAL)

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## TO THE CLASS OF 1920

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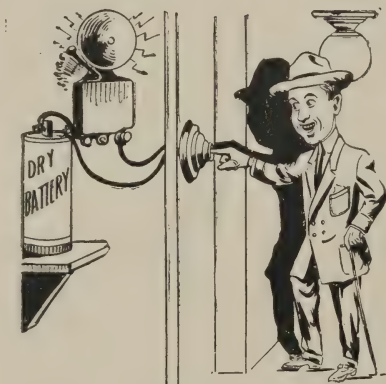
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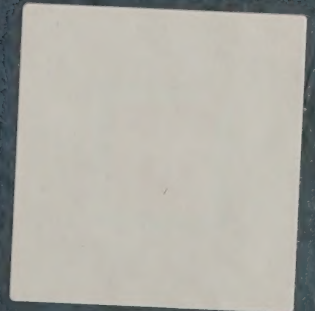
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